

Drifting Away by look_turtles

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Summary:

Billy loves swimming.

NOT A WIP. Posting every day.

1. Prologue

Billy sat on hot sand and watched as the ocean waves rolled in and out. The setting sun had turned the sky crimson and gold. The sound of the crashing waves and the smell of salty air was strangely soothing.

He took a drag on his cigarette and blew out smoke.

He couldn't count how many times he had been at the beach. When he was a kid, he would spend all his free time just swimming in the ocean. The less time he spent at home, the less of a chance he would piss off his dad.

When Neil married Susan, Billy spent less time at the beach because Max was his responsibility and she couldn't swim. If she drowned, his dad would probably kill him.

As he watched the waves he knew he was going to hate Hawkins if only because it was as far from the ocean as they could get.

He crushed his cigarette in the sand and made his way to the Camaro. He turned up the radio and rock music filled the car as he drove to the arcade to pick up Max.

He parked his car and walked into the arcade. He was hit by the wall of noise and the flash of lights. The large space was filled with brightly coloured arcade machines and the floor was covered with puke green carpet.

He moved through the crowd of kids and found Max.

'Come on, its time to go!' Billy yelled over the noise.

'Five more minutes!'

'Now!' Billy yelled even louder as he grabbed Max's arm and dragged her out of the arcade. He knew if he didn't get Max back in time Neil would be pissed.

Once in the car, Max looked over at Billy. 'What's your problem?'

Billy turned on the radio. 'You're my problem. When I tell you to leave, we leave.'

Max rolled her eyes. 'Whatever. You're just pissed that we're moving tomorrow.'

Billy just grimaced. He had never been to Hawkins, but he could just tell it was going to suck. Stupid hick town.

Billy drove to their house and parked next to Neil's car.

Their house was small and the paint on the siding was faded and peeling. The front yard was more dirt and weeds than grass.

He opened the creaking front door and stepped over crushed beer cans.

Neil was sitting in his favourite chair and stood up when Billy entered the house.

'Susan! Take Max to get some burgers!' Neil bellowed and Billy knew something was about to happen. There was only one reason why Neil would make Max leave.

Once Susan and Max left, Neil came up to Billy and poked him in the chest.

'Where the hell have you been?' Neil said. His breath was hot and smelled of alcohol.

'I took Max to the arcade. Just like you wanted, sir.'

'Don't lie to me! I went to the arcade and your car wasn't there. Were you with one of your whores?!'

'I'm sorry...' Billy said. He was interrupted by Neil hitting him in the stomach.

Billy curled in on himself but made no other move. He just wanted it to be over, but he knew it was just getting started.

'You need to learn respect and responsibility. I'm going to teach you

yet,' Neil said as he grabbed Billy by his hair and pulled. Billy's eyes watered as pain shot through his scalp.

As Neil kept hitting him, Billy pictured the ocean.

Later that night, Billy laid on his bed trying to sleep, but the pain in his stomach made sleep impossible.

He rolled over and stared up at his ceiling.

'Fuck it!' Billy exclaimed as he sat up.

He carefully moved through his darkened room and slipped out of his window. A warm breeze hit his skin and street lamps illuminated his way in yellow light as he walked down empty streets to the beach. His thoughts swirled in his head like water going down a drain, but he kept walking like a man on a mission.

Once at the beach, he sat down in cool sand and looked out over the inky black ocean. He thought about his dad and how he was never good enough for Neil. He thought about how he was leaving the only place he had ever called home. Most of all, he thought about how he wanted to break things until his hands were battered and bloody; nothing felt better than destroying things.

He watched the ocean waves and thought about slipping into the water and just drifting away. He always felt safe in the water. Nothing and nobody could touch him in the water.

He stood up and made his way through the dark city streets until he came to a square brick building with a neon sign above the door. The neon letters spelled Forbidden in a curvy script. Considering that he was only seventeen it really was a forbidden club, but he had never been one for rules. Thank God for his fake id.

He flashed his id and a equally fake smile at the bouncer and stepped into the club. The music was little more than a thumping and the air was full of smoke and body order. He just let the sea of people carry him away and for awhile he could forget about his shitty life.

After a while, he left and made his way back home. Maybe someday he would leave and never go back, but today was not that day.

2. Chapter 2

Months after they moved to Hawkins, Billy was on a mission. After he had dropped Max off at the arcade (he had learned his lesson and left his car in the parking lot) he walked to the good part of town and searched.

He peeked through a fence and saw exactly what he was looking for. He scaled the fence and his feet landed on concrete.

He let out a whistle. 'Hello, gorgeous.'

In front of him was a large pool with clear water. His skin itched as he watched the sunlight reflect off the water. Stripping out of his clothes, he walked over to the pool and lowered himself into the cool water.

He probably could have used the community pool, but there was something exciting about using someone else's pool. For once, he didn't even worry about getting caught.

He swam lazily, it was nothing like swimming in the ocean; instead of salt, he teased chlorine.

'What the hell?!' He heard a voice exclaim and sure enough Harrington was looking down at him from the patio.

'What the hell are you doing here, Harrington?' He asked even though he knew he was caught.

'Um... I live here.'

'Thought so. You going call the cops?'

Harrington ran his fingers through his hair. 'Nope.'

Now, it was Billy's turn to be surprised. 'Why the hell not?'

'You might be a pain in the ass and a horrible person, but your Max's brother.'

‘You got a thing for my sister,’ Billy said because that was the only thing he could think of. People were only nice when they wanted something.

Harrington’s eyes went wide. ‘What?! No! She’s just a kid!’

Billy grinned. ‘Good because if you mess around with my sister I’ll do a lot more than bust a plate over your head.’

‘Thanks... I guess.’

Billy continued to swim as Harrington just watched.

Things went on like that for several weeks. Billy would drop Max off at the arcade and he would go to Harrington’s house to use his pool. Harrington would be there just watching Billy swim. He would always bring out some fluffy towels for Billy to use.

One day, Billy climbed out of the water and dried off with a towel. His swim trunks were sticking to his thighs.

‘You want a drink?’ Harrington asked. It was the first time he had said anything to Billy outside of school.

‘Sure. What you got?’

Harrington handed over a soda and the cold glass chilled Billy’s fingers. He stared at the bottle as he sat at the edge of the pool and dangled his feet into the water. Something was gnawing at him.

‘I don’t get you, Harrington. I break into your yard and instead of calling the cops, you leave me towels. And don’t give me that ‘your Max’s brother’ crap.’

Steve sighed. ‘Don’t you ever get tired of pretending that things are normal when they’re not?’

Billy’s heart sped up because he thought Harrington was talking about how Neil used Billy as a punching bag.

‘What?!’

'I just mean that sometimes I wish I could go back to a different time when things were simple and all I had to worry about was my next English test. Do you get it?'

Billy thought about it. Sure he wished things could be simple and different, but he knew better than most that things didn't work like that and the world was just out to fuck you.

'Yeah, I guess. I'll still kick your ass on the basketball court though,' Billy said trying to lighten the mood, but he got no response.

He looked over at Harrington and he was looking past Billy as if he couldn't see him. He went over to Harrington.

'You okay?' Because that look sent a chill down Billy's spine. He looked out of it.

Harrington shook his head. 'Yeah. Yeah. I was just thinking.'

'Don't hurt yourself,' Billy said because yanking Harrington's chain was something normal.

Harrington rolled his eyes. 'Don't worry, I'm sure you hurt yourself enough thinking for the both of us.'

Billy grinned. Things were back to normal.

That night, Billy was laying in bed when he heard a noise. He sat up and walked across his dark room and walked across the hall to Max's bedroom door. He pressed his ear to the door and heard whimpering. Carefully, he opened the door and stepped into Max's room. Moonlight from the window near Max's bed was illuminating the room. Max was asleep and she was failing and whimpering. Billy walked over to her and grabbed her shoulder.

'Hey. Hey, wake up,' Billy said as he shook Max's shoulder.

Max opened her eyes and they were large.

'You okay?' Billy asked.

'Yeah. Nightmares.'

‘Gotcha. You wanna talk about it?’

‘No really. You probably wouldn’t care.’

‘You’re right I don’t. I’m going back to bed.’

The next morning, he got up early. He cracked a couple of eggs into a skillet and watched them cook. He put the eggs on a plate along with a couple of pieces of toast. He sat the plate in front of Max.

Her eyes went wide. ‘You made my favourite?’

‘Really? I just made breakfast. Eat up, kid.’

He knew what it was like to have nightmares and maybe a breakfast could make it suck less.

The day after Billy cooked Max breakfast, Billy stayed late at Harrington’s. He and Harrington were sitting on the patio. It was quiet and Billy just watched the clouds drift through the sky.

He reached into the pocket of his shirt and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. Pulling out a cigarette, he put it between his lips and lit it with his lighter.

Blowing out smoke, he looked over at Harrington. Harrington looked over at him like he had something to say.

‘Can I have one?’

‘Huh?’

‘A cigarette. Can I have a cigarette?’

‘Oh yeah,’ Billy looked into his pack, but it was empty. He pulled the cigarette out from between his lips and held it out to Harrington.

‘All out.’

Harrington took the cigarette and took a drag.

‘Thanks.’

‘You okay?’

‘Yeah. Just thought I’d try something different.’

‘You’re a real bad boy, King Steve,’ Billy joked.

‘Hey I can be bad.’

‘Sure you can,’ Billy said as he took his cigarette back and smoked more.

A few days later, Billy looked over the crowd that filled someone’s house and thought, ‘it’s good to be King.’

The party was going full blast. A stereo was cranked up, filling the house with a thumping bass and booze was flowing like water. It seemed like everyone wanted to give him a high-five for beating his old keg stand record.

He was in his kingdom. He wasn’t weak, pathetic but King.

He was buzzed, but not so much that he didn’t miss that Harrington had shown up; that stupid hair was hard to miss. He followed Harrington into the kitchen and watched as the other boy chugged a beer. A bead of sweat slid down his throat as he Adam’s apple bobbed up and down, not that Billy was watching or anything.

‘How many of those have you had? Billy asked as he saw Harrington sway back and forth.

Harrington turned around and moved close to Billy. He could smell the alcohol on Harrington’s breath and it made Billy cringe.

‘Why do you care?’

Billy shrugged. ‘I don’t. I just never figured you for an alcoholic.’

‘I’m not. I just... I just...,’ Harrington slurred as he moved closer and Billy caught him before he fell over his own feet. Harrington was a heavy dead weight as Billy tried to maneuver him. Not that Harrington was much help.

Billy slid Harrington down to the kitchen floor and propped him up against a wall.

He knelt down and shook Harrington's shoulder. 'Hey. Hey! Snap out of it.'

Harrington looked in his direction, but his eyes were unfocused.

'Want to tell me what the hell you're doing?'

'You wouldn't believe me if I told you.'

'Try me.'

Harrington started to talk and at first Billy thought he was nuts, but he remembered how Max had started having nightmares.

He knew he should be scared as Harrington talked about monsters and The Upside Down, but he wasn't, he lived with a monster

After Harrington was done, Billy grabbed him by the shoulder and helped him walk through the party. He should have left Harrington alone and drunk, but he had questions and he wanted Harrington to be a least somewhat sober when he asked them.

Once outside, Billy breathed in the cool night air and it helped him get rid of his buzz. Harrington just leaned against Billy and seemed to have trouble just putting one foot in front of the other.

After several minutes, they finally made their way to the car and Billy stuffed Harrington into the front seat.

'Hey. Hey,' Billy said as he slapped Harrington's cheek. 'Drunk or not. If you puke in my car I'll dump you on the side of the road. Got it?'

Harrington looked up at him. 'I got it.'

Billy got into his car and started the engine. Harrington's BMW was still parked at the party and Billy hoped it got trashed because it was what Harrington's drunk ass deserved. He still didn't quite believe what Harrington had told him. He drove down the dark streets as Harrington slumped in the seat next to him.

Once parked at Harrington's house, Billy pulled Harrington out of his seat and helped him to the front door. Either Harrington had drank a lot of booze or he couldn't hold his liquor, but he was still very drunk.

He reached into Harrington's pocket and thanked God that his keys were in the pocket. He opened the front door and fumbled for a light switch. Once he turned on the light, he looked around at a very big, very nice house. Even the carpet looked expensive. He saw a couch and figured that would be as good a place as any to put Harrington.

He dropped Harrington on the couch and Harrington just crumpled.

Billy didn't know what to do, the niceness of the couch made his skin itch, so he sat down on the floor next to the couch and tried to think through what he was going to do when Harrington woke up.

He must have fallen asleep because the next he knew the room was illuminated by golden sunlight.

He heard a groan and look over to see Harrington open his eyes with a grimace.

'Wakey. Wakey, Princess.'

'What happened?'

'Before or after you got piss ass drunk and told me about some really weird shit.'

'Oh god. I told you about the demodog?'

'Yep. Was it true?'

'Yeah... I think I'm going to be sick,' Harrington said as he bolted off the couch and ran to the kitchen to puke his guts out in the sink.

Billy followed him.

'How did I get home?' Harrington asked between puking and puking some more.

‘I put you in my car and dumped you on the couch.’

‘Really? That doesn’t sound like something you’d do,’ Harrington said as he turned around to look at Billy with wide eyes.

Billy shrugged. ‘Tell me about it. I gotta go. See you around, Harrington.’

Billy walked out of the house and made his way to his car. He peeled out of the fancy driveway and drove away.

He made it home and found Max in her room.

‘Steve told me about the weird shit that happens in this town,’ Billy said because he might as well get to the point.

Max’s eyes went wide. ‘Okay.’

‘So... uh... do you need anything?’ Billy asked because he didn’t really know what else to say. What do you say to your sister who has faced monsters? She might be a pain in the ass, but she was family.

‘Nah. I’m good. Does this mean you and Steve are friends now?’

‘Please. Me and Harrington will never be friends,’ Billy said as he left and went to his room.

He flopped down on his bed and stared up at the ceiling.

Him and Harrington as friends was even more ridiculous than monsters. Just because Billy used his pool didn’t make them friends. Just because he spent time at Steve’s drinking soda didn’t make them friends. Just because Steve told me about monst...

‘Shit!’ Billy exclaimed because he was friends with Steve Harrington.

The very next day, Billy was standing by Harrington’s BMW and was on his third cigarette. He was waiting for school to let out. He had something to say and just thinking about it made his stomach flip. He never even got this nervous when he was talking to chicks, but Harrington was a different story.

When Harrington came out and took off his ridiculous Ray-Bans and his eyes were wide.

‘What are you doing here?’ Harrington asked and he stood a arms length from Billy.

‘Just waiting for you. I got something to say. Sorry.’

‘For what?’

‘A lotta stuff but I guess I’m sorry for our fight when I busted the plate over your head.’

‘Really?! What brought that on?’

Billy shrugged. ‘We’re friends now I guess.’

Harrington grinned. ‘Yeah, I guess we are. You wanna come over tonight and hang out?’

Billy threw his cigarette on the ground and crushed it under his boot. He tried to look calm, but inside he was excited. ‘Sure.’

Billy started to walk to his car. Once inside in the Camaro, he turned up the radio and peeled out of the parking lot with a big smile on his face.

Later that night, Steve and Billy were sitting on Steve’s couch watching a basketball game.

‘Did you see that?! Did you see that?!’ Billy exclaimed as he jumped off the couch and punched the air. His team was now ahead by three points.

He sat down and reached for a piece of pizza. It was hot and cheesy and made his mouth water as he took a big bite.

He looked over at Steve and Steve just stared at him.

‘What?’ Billy asked.

‘You have sauce on your face,’ Steve said as he reached over and

rubbed his thumb over the corner of Billy's mouth.

Steve leaned over and they were so close that Billy could smell Steve hair gel and cool cologne. There was something strange in the air that made Billy's heart speed up.

'Something wrong, Harrington?' Billy asked trying to lighten the mood.

'Nope. Not a thing,' Steve said as he moved close and brushed his lips against Billy's.

Billy felt like he was encased in stone. He wanted to move, but his body was not cooperating.

As several seconds Billy finally reacted. He pushed Steve away.

'What the hell?! I'm not a fag!' Billy yelled. His heart was pumping and his breath was ragged.

'Sorry. I... I wasn't thinking.'

'You got that right. See you later,' Billy said as he picked up his leather jacket and stormed out of Steve's house.

Billy got into his car and beat his hands against his steering wheel. He wasn't a fag. He and Harrington were friends, but not like that. He should have broken Steve's nose, he had broken noses for less, but maybe Hawkins was making him soft.

He drove his car to a club called The Box. The bouncer took Billy's fake id and looked at it. Billy flashed his best smile and the bouncer handed back the id.

He needed something but he wasn't sure what.

He walked in. The air was full of smoke and the room was lit by brightly colored lights. On the dance floor there were countless bodies grinding against each other.

He moved through the crowd until a guy came up to him.

'You wanna get outta here?' The guy asked.

Billy looked him up and down. He was wearing a tight shirt and black leather pants. He wasn't a fag and he was going to prove it to himself.

They walked out of the club and made their way down an alley. The smell of garbage filled the air and empty cans crunched under Billy's boots.

The guy shoved Billy against a wall and dropped to his knees.

Billy groaned as the guy unzipped Billy's jeans and pulled out Billy's hard cock. Just because he was hard didn't make him a fag.

He licked and sucked Billy's cock.

After several minutes, Billy felt his orgasm building. He came inside the guy's warm wet mouth. Still not a fag.

The guy stood up with a grin and moved close to kiss Billy. Billy shoved him back.

'I'm no fag!' Billy yelled.

The guy's eyes went wide. 'I'm pretty sure if you get your dick sucked by another guy you are.'

Billy balled up his fist and punched the guy in the face.

The guy held his face as blood dripped from his nose. 'Seriously?! You punch me after a fantastic blow job?! Whatever,' the guy huffed as he left.

He punched the brick wall in front of him. 'Fuck!'

He drove home as his knuckles throbbed.

Once at room, he walked into his room and flopped onto his bed. He rolled over and stared at the poster on his wall. It was a picture of a girl in a red bikini. Her smile was big and inviting. He felt himself harden and reaching under his pillow pulled out a tube of lube.

Unzipping his pants, he shoved them down his thighs and lubed up his cock. As he stroked himself he pictured the girl in the red bikini. She wrapped her lips around his cock and he sped up his stroke.

After several minutes, he felt his orgasm building and tightened his grip. Just as he was about to come, the picture in his head changed. The blond was replaced with dark hair and big brown eyes looked up at him. Steve smirked at him and Billy came hard.

‘Damn it!’ Billy exclaimed as he laid on his bed with his soft cock in his hand. He wasn’t a fag, but his stupid dick seemed to have other ideas. Maybe it wasn’t that he liked guys, he hadn’t liked Blow Job Guy at the club, but maybe it was just Steve. If it was just Steve then he wasn’t really a fag.

The following day, Billy was in the gym with a basketball in his hands.

Harrington was covering him, but Billy elbowed him in the side (a little harder than he meant to) and made the shot.

After gym class, they went to the shower and Billy kept glancing over at Harrington like his eyes had a mind of his own. He had seen Harrington naked in the shower before, but now was different. He noticed Harrington’s lean muscles and the freckles on his back.

They were alone in the shower and Harrington looked like he was about to say something.

‘You want to come over tonight?’ Harrington asked.

‘I don’t think that would be a good idea.’

‘Oh. Look, if this about the kiss I’m sorry.’

Billy stood close to Steve. ‘Really? Listen, I want you to suck me off, but that doesn’t make me a fag. Got it?’

Steve’s eyes went wide. ‘Got it.’

Billy moved close and wrapped his arms around Steve. Steve’s body was wet and hard. His hard cock was poking Billy in the thigh. That made Billy’s own cock harden.

‘No one can find out about this,’ Billy said. He didn’t want to think about Neil’s reaction, but images of fists and blood filled his mind.

‘Now what?’

Billy shrugged. He had imagined himself touching Steve, but that was as far as the planning had gone.

‘Maybe... you could come over to my house tonight.’

Billy grinned. ‘Sounds like a plan.’ He smacked Steve on his naked wet ass and Steve yelped.

Billy turned on the shower and lathered up. His cock was still hard and he took himself in hand and began to stroke himself. Steve gasped.

‘What’s a matter, Pretty Boy? You’ve never seen someone else jerk off before?’ Billy asked because they might not be enemies anymore, but he couldn’t resist winding Steve up.

‘Can I watch?’ Steve asked as his cheeks became pink.

Billy grinned as he turned to give Steve a show. He stroked himself and heard Steve breathing heavy. After several strokes, he felt his orgasm building and stared Steve in the eyes. Steve’s cheeks were pink and his eyes were wide. He licked his lips and seeing that pink tongue made Billy come all over his own hand.

‘Fuck,’ Billy said as he washed off his come.

‘Yeah, that was... that was wow,’ Steve said as he watched Billy.

Billy looked over at Steve and noticed that Steve was still hard. He might be a jerk, but not even Billy was going to leave a guy hanging (so to speak).

‘Come here,’ Billy said.

Steve went over to Billy and Billy started stroking Steve’s cock. It was long and thick and the head was deep red. He had never given anyone a hand job before, but he knew what he liked.

He stroked Steve's cock and Steve groaned. His hips snapped forward.

'Fuck I'm gonna...' Steve almost yelled.

Billy grinned as he tightened his grip and Steve came all over his hand.

He released Steve soft cock and washed the come off his hand.

'You like that?' Billy asked even though he knew the answer.

Steve ducked his head and his cheeks turned pink. 'Yeah. Can we do that again?'

'Sure. How about tonight?'

Steve grinned and it made Billy feel funny inside. 'Great! Looking forward to it.'

Billy leaned forward whispered in Steve's ear. 'See you tonight.'

Billy arrived at Steve's house just before the sun went down. He felt butterflies in his stomach. He hadn't been a virgin since he was fourteen but having sex with a guy was going to be different.

After several minutes of standing in front of Steve's front door, he said 'fuck it,' and knocked.

The door opened and instead of Steve there was an older woman. Her dark hair fell in soft curls over her shoulders and her brown eyes were big. She looked like the chick version of Steve and Billy assumed she was Steve's mom.

'May I help you?' She asked.

He plastered on his biggest fakest smile. 'Hi, I'm Steve's friend Billy. I was supposed to come over and help him with his English homework, ma'am.'

Her eyes went wide and she smiled at him. 'Oh, please come on in.'

He stepped into the living room and once again it made him feel

weird.

Steve's mom called for Steve. 'Steve your friend is here.'

Steve walked down the stairs.

'Dustin is here?' Steve asked.

'Billy is here. I'm so glad you have another friend besides Nancy.'

Steve eyes went wide. 'Yeah. Yeah. Hey, Billy.'

'Hey, you wanna go upstairs and work on homework?'

Steve looked confused and Billy just grinned.

'Yeah. Let's go.'

Billy turned to Steve's mom. 'It was very nice to meet you.' He took her hand and kissed it and she practically swooned.

Billy followed Steve up the stairs. The butterflies in his stomach were settling.

'What was that all about?' Steve asked as they made it into his room.

Billy faked innocents. 'I have no idea what you're talking about.'

Steve rolled his eyes. 'It was a pleasure to met you?'

Billy laughed. 'What can I say, moms love me. I thought you and the Wheeler chick had dated. What's up with you mom thinking you guys were just friends?'

Steve shrugged. 'My parents don't really know anything about me. Did you really want to study?'

'Yeah, but not homework,' Billy said as he moved close to Steve and dropped to his knees. He popped the button of Steve's jeans and pulled out his cock. Billy had never given a blow job before, but he knew what he liked and considering that Steve was already half-hard, Steve didn't seem to mind.

Steve cock was long and thick.

Billy grabbed the shaft and licked the tip.

Steve groaned.

Billy grinned. 'You better be quiet, Harrington. Don't want your mom to find out what kind of studying we're doing.'

Billy licked the tip again and Steve kept himself quiet.

Billy opened his mouth and took the tip into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the tip the way chicks did to him and Steve's hand came down and gripped Billy's hair.

There was something about the pain in his scalp that made Billy's cock twitch.

Billy took a little bit of the shaft into his mouth. He backed off and moved forward, taking more of the shaft into his mouth.

Again and again, he would take the shaft into his mouth and then back off until only the head was in his mouth. He kept at it until Steve's whole cock was in his mouth and his nose was pressed against Steve's jeans.

His jaw was starting to ache, but he wasn't going to quit. He might be a lot of things, but he wasn't a quitter.

Soon, Steve said, 'I'm gonna... I'm gonna...'

Billy backed off until only the head was in his mouth and he sucked on it hard. Steve's thighs shook as he filled Billy's mouth with salty come.

Billy swallowed it and it wasn't nearly as disgusting as he thought it would be.

He stood up and wiped his mouth with back of his hand. Steve moved in for a kiss, but Billy moved away. Only fags kissed.

'You want me to take care of you?' Steve asked as he put his now soft

cock back in his jeans.

‘Sure. Whatever you want,’ Billy said with a wink.

Steve’s cheeks turned pink as he unzipped Billy’s jeans and pulled out his hard cock.

Steve eyes went wide as he held the cock.

‘Never seen a cock before?’ Billy teased.

Steve looked up at him. ‘Please, I just didn’t think you’d be so big.’ Steve leaned in and sniffed Billy’s cock. ‘Did you put cologne on your dick?’

‘Yeah, think you can take me?’

Steve got a determined look in his eyes and his pink tongue came out, licking the head of the cock.

Billy just groaned and Steve continued to lick his cock.

He tried to stifle a moan when Steve opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around Billy’s cock head. He wanted nothing more than to trust into the wet warmth, but he didn’t. He might be a jerk most of the time, but not when it came to blowjobs.

Steve moved his head back and forth, taking more and more of the shaft into his mouth. Drool was dripping out of the corner of his mouth and it should have been gross, but it just made Billy groan. He brought his hands down and rested his hands in Steve’s hair, which was surprisingly soft.

After several minutes, Billy felt his orgasm building.

‘Hurry up I’m gonna...’ Billy was able to stammered out.

Steve took all of the shaft into his mouth and Billy’s eyes snapped shut as he came.

‘Is everything all right? I heard someone yelling,’ Mrs. Harrington said from behind Steve’s closed bedroom door.

Steve wiped his mouth with the hem of Billy's shirt. 'Yeah. Everything's good. Billy ...um... just saw a spider.'

'I saw a spider? Really?'

Steve stood up and was grinning ear to ear. 'You're one to talk Mr. Better Be Quiet.'

Billy rolled his eyes. 'Fine, but if you do that again there will be no more blowjobs.'

'Yeah, okay,' Steve said not sounding convinced.

After Billy had cleaned himself up in Steve's bathroom he left the house and drove back home. When he walked into his house, he saw Max sitting on the couch oiling the wheels of her skateboard.

He flopped down on the couch.

Max looked over at him. 'What are you so happy about?'

'Who says I'm happy?'

'You're grinning, you didn't beat Steve up again, did you?'

'Nah. You wanna go to the arcade?'

'Who are you and what have done with my brother?' Max said seriously. Considering the town was full of monster, he understood.

'I'm not a monster. I'm just feeling good today. If I'm a monster you can beat my head in with that skateboard.'

Max grinned and stuck out her hand and Billy shook it. 'Promise.'

'Yeah. Now let's go to the arcade.'

Later that night, Billy was sitting on the couch with a bottle of beer in his hand. The glass was chilling his fingers.

Suddenly, the front door burst open and Max ran into the room. 'Billy! Steve needs help!'

Billy dropped his bottle, not caring that beer spilled onto the floor and that Neil was going to be pissed.

Billy ran out to his car and found Steve laying in the backseat holding his arm. Blood was dripping from his arm and the rag he was holding against it was red with blood. He had seen his fair share of blood, but he felt sick.

He pulled Steve out of the car and carried him bridal style into the house. The copper scent of blood made him gag. Steve just held onto Billy with his good arm.

Billy moved into the bathroom with Steve and sat Steve on the toilet.

‘Let me see,’ Billy said and he removed the rag from Steve’s arm.

There was a a lot of blood, but Billy took still see the gash. It was long and deep.

‘Damn it, looks like you’re gonna need stitches.’

Steve’s eyes went wide. ‘No hospital.’

‘Yeah, Yeah. Lucky for you I can sew you up. Max, get me the first-aid kit!’

Max handed Billy the first-aid kit and Billy set to work. He poured some alcohol on some gauze and ran it over Steve arm. With most of the blood cleaned away, the gash didn’t look so bad, but it would still need to be sown up.

He took a towel and gave it to Steve. ‘Put this in your mouth. I’ll try to be quick but this is gonna hurt like a bitch.’

‘I’m ready,’ Steve said with determination in his eyes.

Billy put on some rubber gloves and set to work. As he sowed up Steve’s arm he tried not to listen to Steve groaning.

Finally, Billy was finished and taped gauze to the closed gash.

‘How you feeling?’ Billy asked as he took the towel out of Steve’s

mouth.

‘I just want to go home.’

‘Sure. Sure. I got you. Max if Neil comes home early just tell him I want out for smokes.’

Max nodded.

Steve looked so pale that Billy stopped by the kitchen and grabbed a package of cookies. He had heard that they give you cookies after you give blood and he thought Steve might need some.

Once inside Billy’s car, Steve put his head on Billy’s shoulder.

‘Thanks,’ Steve said.

‘Don’t mention it. You needed stitches and I know how to sew.’

‘Not just that I meant thanks for everything.’ Steve grabbed Billy’s hand and squeezed it. Billy was going to blame his watery eyes on allergies.

Once at Steve’s house, they walked up to Steve’s room and Steve looked over at Billy. ‘Stay with me.’

Billy knew he shouldn’t stay, Neil was going to be pissed, but he couldn’t find the strength to say no.

He pulled off his shirt and laid down with Steve on his bed. Steve snuggled close and rested his head on Billy’s chest. Billy ran his fingers through Steve’s hair and Steve lifted his head and looked up at Billy. Steve moved close and brushed his lips against Billy’s. Billy should have pushed Steve away, only fags kissed, but instead he pulled Steve close and revelled in the feeling of warm, soft lips against his own. Steve’s body was hard and warm under Billy’s hands.

Steve broke the kiss and Billy honest to God whimpered. Steve settled against Billy and fell asleep as Billy rubbed Steve’s back.

He couldn’t let anyone know about him and Steve, but in that

moment it didn't matter.

3. Epilogue

Billy looked over at the ocean. The sun warmed his skin and the air was full of salt. California might have changed over the years, but the ocean was the same.

‘You ready, Billy?’ Max asked.

Billy looked over at his sister. She was a grown woman, wife and mother, but she would always be Mad Max to him.

‘Yep. Let’s do this.’

Billy and Max walked down the beach until they came to a wedding arch. Rows of chairs sat in front of the arch and family and friends filled them. Not so much Billy’s family, but Steve’s friends were there. Hell, Dustin was Steve’s best-man.

Speaking of Steve, he stood under the arch wearing a white tux.

Billy stood next to Steve and grabbed his hand.

The wedding happened quickly. They said their vows and then there was the kiss.

Billy moved close to Steve and brushed their lips together. Even though they had kissed countless times before, this time it felt different. He had never been good at all that sappy shit, so he poured everything he felt into the kiss.

They broke the kiss and Steve was beaming. As they walked down the beach past all their friends, Billy gripped Steve hand.

‘Let’s get this party started!’ Billy said. The wedding reception was going to be on the beach.

The beach was filled with music and dancing. By the time the sun set, he had loosened his tie and his skin was chilled by sweat.

They sat down on plastic folding chairs and he looked over at Steve. ‘You liked the wedding?’ Billy asked.

‘Yeah, it’s great! You like it, I know you love the beach.’

‘Yeah.’

Steve put his hand on Billy’s knee and gave it a squeeze. ‘Are you upset that your dad isn’t here. I know you guys didn’t have a good relationship.’

‘Nah, he was nothing but a sperm donor. Come on, let’s dance.’

They stood up and he pulled Steve close and dipped him as they kissed. Everyone hooted and hollered.

He had no idea what the future held, but as long as he had Steve he was going to kick ass.

Notes for the Chapter:

Well that’s it. I hope everyone liked reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. Thanks for all the kudos.